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McKEAN COUNTY MINER.

THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF McKEAN COUNTY.

VOLUME XXXI. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1894. NUMBER 4.

The MINER, having the most general circulation of any paper in McKean County, is therefore the best advertising medium.

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FOES IN AMBUSH
BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.
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CHAPTER I.

The sun was just going down, a hissing globe of fire and torment. Already the lower limb was in contact with the jagged backbone of the mountain chain that rimmed the desert with purple and gold. Out on the barren, hard baked flat in front of the corral, just where it had been unhitched when the paymaster and his safe were dumped soon after dawn, a weatherbeaten ambulance was throwing unbroken a mile long shadow toward the distant Christobal. The gateway to the east through the Santa Maria, sharply notched in the gleaming range, stood a day's march away—a day's march now only made by night, for this was Arizona, and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same anywhere south of that curdling mud bath, the Gila, the only human beings impervious to the fierceness of its rays were the Apaches.

"And they," growled the paymaster as he petulantly snapped the lock of his little safe, "they're no more human than so many hyenas."

A big man physically was the custodian and disburser of government greenbacks—so big that, as he stepped forth through the aperture in the hot adobe wall, he ducked his head to avert unwilling contact with its upper edge. Green glass goggles, a broad brimmed straw hat, a pongee shirt, loose trousers of brown linen and dust-colored canvas shoes made up the outer man of a personality as distinctly unmilitary as it was ponderous. Slow and labored in movement, the major was correspondingly sluggish in speech. He sauntered out into the glare of the evening sunshine and became slowly conscious of a desire to swear at what he saw: that, though in a minute or two the day god would "douse his glim" behind the black horizon, no preparation whatever had been made for a start. There stood the ambulance, every bolt and link and tire hot as a stove lid, but not a mule in sight.

Turning to his left, he strolled along toward a gap in the adobe wall and entered the dusty interior of the corral. One of the four quadrupeds drowsing under the brush shelter languidly turned an inquiring eye and interrogative ear in his direction and conveyed, after the manner of the mule, a suggestion as to supper. A Mexican boy, sprawling in the shade of a bale of government hay and clad in cotton shirt and trousers well nigh as brown as the skin that peeped through occasional gaps, glanced up at him with languid interest an instant, and then resumed the more agreeable contemplation of the writhings of an impaled tarantula. Under another section of the shed two placid little burros were dreamily blinking at vacancy, their grizzled fronts expressive of that ineffable peace found only in the faces of saints and donkeys. In the middle of the inclosure a rude windlass coiled with rope stood stretching forth a decrepid lever arm. The whippletree, dangling from the end over the beaten circular track, seemed cracked with heat and age. The stout rope that stretched tautly from the coil passed over a wooden wheel and disappeared through a broad framed aperture into the bowels of the earth.

Close at hand in the shade of a brush covered "leanto" hung three or four huge ollas, earthen water jars, swathed in gunnysack and blanket. Beyond them, warped out of all possibility of future usefulness, stood what had once been the running gear of a California buckboard. Behind it dangled from dusty pegs portions of leather harness, which all the neatsfoot oil of the military pharmacopœia could never again restore to softness or pliability. A newer edition of the same class of vehicle was covered by a canvas "paulin." A huge stack of barley bags was piled at the far end of the corral, guarded from depredation (quadrupedal) by a barrier of wooden slats, mostly down, and by a tattered biped, very sound asleep.

"Where's the sergeant?" queried the paymaster slowly, addressing no one in particular, but looking plaintively around him.

Still leaning a brown chin on a pearly black hand, and stirring up his spider with the forked stick he held in the other paw, the boy simply tilted his head toward the dark opening under the farther end of the shed, an aperture that seemed to lead to nothing but blackness beyond.

"What's he doing?"

"No sa-a-abe," drawled the boy, never lifting his handsome eyes from the joys before him.

"Why hasn't he harnessed up?"

A shrug of the shoulders was the only reply.

"Hey?"

"No sa-a-abe," slowly as before.

"What's your name?"

"Jose."

"Well, here, José, you go and tell him I want him."

The boy slowly pulled himself together and found his feet; started reluctantly to obey; glanced back at his captive, now scuttling off for freedom; turned again; scotched him with his forked stick, and then with a vicious "huh!" drove the struggling aranea into the sandy soil. This done, he lounged off toward the dark corner in the wall of the ranch and dove out of sight.

Presently there slowly issued from this recess a sturdy form in dusty blue blouse, the sleeves of which were decorated with chevrons in far faded yellow. Under the shabby slouch hat a round, sunblistered, freckled face, bristling with a week old beard, peered forth at the staff official with an expression half of languid tolerance, half of mild irritation. In most perfunctory fashion the soldier just touched the hat rim with his forefinger, then dropped the hand into a convenient pocket. It was plain that he felt but faint respect for the staff rank and station of the man in goggles and authority.

"Sergeant Feeny, I thought I told you I wanted everything ready to start at sunset."

"You did, sir, and then you undid it," was the prompt and sturdy reply.

The paymaster stood irresolute. Through the shading spectacles of green his eyes seemed devoid of any expression. His attitude remained unchanged, thumbs in the low cut pockets of his wide flapping trousers, shoulders meek and drooping.

"W-e-ll," he finally drawled, "you understood I wanted to get on to Camp Stoneman by sunrise, didn't you? Didn't my clerk, Mr. Dawes, tell you?"

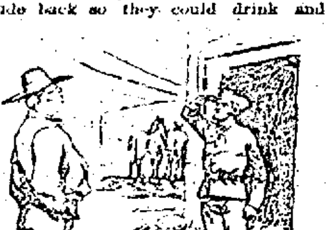
"He did, yes, sir, and you don't want to get there no more than I do, major. But I told you flatfooted if you let Donovan and those other men go back on the trail they'd find some excuse to stop at Ceralvo's, and, d——n 'em, they've done it."

"Don't you s'pose they'll be along presently?"

"S'pose?" and the sun blistered face of the cavalryman seemed to grow a shade redder as he echoed almost contemptuously the word of his superior, "S'pose? Why, major, look here!" And the short, swart trooper took three quick strides, then pointed through the western gap in the adobe wall to the gilded edge of the range where the sun had just slipped from view. "It's 10 mile to that ridge, it's 10 minutes since I got the last wigwag of the signal flag at the pass. They hadn't come through then. What chance is there of their getting here in time to fight out at dark? You did tell me to have everything ready to start, and then you undid it by sending half the escort back. You've been here in hell's half acre three days, and I've been here three years. You have never been through Canyon Diablo; I have been through a dozen times and never yet without a fight or a mighty good chance of one. Now, you may think it's fun to run your head into an ambuscade, but I don't. You can get 'em too easy without trying here. I'm an old soldier, major, and too free spoken perhaps, but I mean no disrespect, only I wish to God you'd listen to me next time."

"You wouldn't have had me leave those women in the lurch back at the crossing, would you?" queried the paymaster half apologetically.

"Why, I don't believe that story at all," flatly answered Feeny; "it's some d——d plant that fellow Donovan's springing on you—a mere excuse to ride back so they could drink and gamble with those thieves at Ceralvo's. They've just been paid off and had no chance for any fun at all before they were ordered out on this escort duty. That money's been burning in their pockets now for three whole nights, and they just can't stand it so long as a drop of liquor's to be had by hard riding. No soldier is happy till he's dead broke, major—leastwise none I ever see."



The soldier just touched the hat rim with his forefinger.

"What makes you doubt the story, sergeant? It came straight enough."

"It came too d——d straight, sir; that's just the trouble. It came straight from Chihuahua Pete's monte mill. It's only a hook to draw 'em back, and they played it on you because they saw you were new to the country, and they knew I was asleep; and now, unless Lieutenant Drummond should happen in with his troop, there's no help for it but to wait for tomorrow night and no certainty of getting away then."

"Well, if Mr. Drummond were here, don't you suppose he'd have gone or sent back to protect those people?"

"Oh, he'd have gone—certainly—that's his business, but it isn't yours, major. You've got government money there enough to buy up every rumhole south of the Gila. You're expected to pay at Stoneman, Grant and Goodwin and Crittenden and Bowie, where they haven't had a cent since last Christmas and here it is the middle of May. You ought to have pushed through with all speed, so none of these jayhawkers could get wind of your going, let alone the Apaches. Every hour you halt is clear gain to them, and here you've simply got to stay 24 hours all along of a cock and bull story about some stageload of frightened women 15 miles back at Gila Bend. It's a plant, major; that's what I believe."

Old Plummer kicked the toe of his shoe into the sandy soil and hung a reflective head. "I wish you hadn't shut your eyes," he drawled at length.

"I wouldn't, sir, if I hadn't thought you'd keep yours open. You slept all night, sir, you and Mr. Dawes, while I rode alongside with finger on trigger every minute."

Absorbed in their gloomy conversation, neither man noticed that the wooden shutter in the adobe wall close at hand had been noiselessly opened from within, just an inch or two. Neither knew, neither could see that behind it, in the gathering darkness of the short summer evening, a shadowy form was crouching.

"Then you think we must stay here, do you?" queried the paymaster.

"Think? I know it. Why, the range ahead is alive with Apaches, and we can't stand 'em off with only half a dozen men. Your clerk's no 'count, major."

Old Plummer stood irresolute. His clerk, a consumptive and broken down relative, was at that moment lying nerveless on a rude bunk within the ranch, bemoaning the fate that had impelled him to seek Arizona in search of health. He was indeed of little "count," as the paymaster well knew. After a moment's painful thought the words rose slowly to his lips:

"Well, perhaps you know best, so here we stay till tomorrow night, or at least until they get back."

One could almost hear the whisper in the deep recess of the retaining wall—sibilant, gasping. Some one crouching still farther back in the black depths of the interior did hear.

"Santa Maria!"

But when a moment later the proprietor of this roadside ranch, this artificial oasis in a land of desolation, strolled into the big bare room where half a dozen troopers were dozing or gambling it was with an air of confidential joviality that he whispered to the corporal in charge:

"Our fren, the major, he riffuse me sell you aguardiente—mescal, but wait—tonight."

"Oh, d——n it, Moreno, we'll be half way to Stoneman by that time," interrupted the trooper quite savagely. "Who's to know where we got the stuff? We'll make 'em believe Donovan's squad brought it in from Ceralvo's. Give me a drink now anyhow, you infernal greaser; I'm all burnt out with such a day as this. We've got to start the moment they get back, and there won't be any time then."

"Hush, caballero; they come not tonight. You will rest here."

"Why, how in blazes do you know?"

"Softly!—I know not. I know noting; yet, mira!—I know. They talk long in the corral—the major and that pig of a sergeant—for him I snap my finger. Look you!" And Moreno gave a flip indicative of combined defiance and disdain.

"Don't you count on his not finding out, Moreno. It's all easy enough so far as the major's concerned, but that blackguard Feeny's different, I tell you. He'd hear the gurgle of the spigot if he were 10 miles across the Gila, and be here to bust things before you could serve out a gill—d——n him! He's been keen enough to put that psalm singing Yankee on guard over your liquor. How are you going to get at it anyhow?"

For an answer the Mexican placed the forefinger of his left hand upon his lips and with that of the right hand pointed significantly to the hard beaten earthen floor.

"Ah, I have a mine," he whispered. "You will not betray, eh? Shu-u! Hush! He comes now."

The gruff voice of Sergeant Feeny broke up the colloquy.

"Corporal Murphy, take what men you have here and groom at once. Feed and water too. Moreno, I want supper cooked for eight in 30 minutes. Drop those cards now, you men. You should have been sleeping as I told you, so as to be ready for work tonight."

"Shure we don't go tonight, sergeant."

"Who says that?" demanded Feeny quickly, whirling upon his subordinates. The corporal looked embarrassed and turned to Moreno for support. Moreno, profoundly calm, was as profoundly oblivious.

"Moreno there," began Murphy, finding himself compelled to speak.

"I?" gravely, courteously protested the Mexican, with deprecatory shrug of his shoulders and upward lift of eyebrow. "I? What know I? I do but say the Corporal Donovan is not come. How know I you go not out tonight?"

"Neither you nor the likes of you knows," was Feeny's stern retort. "We go when we will and no questions asked. As for you, Murphy, you be ready, and it's me you'll ask, not any outsider, when we go. I've had enough to swear at today without you fellows playing off on me. Go or no go, no liquor, mind you. The first man I catch drinking I'll tie by the thumbs to the back of the ambulance, and he'll foot it to Stoneman."

No words were wasted in remonstrance or reply. These were indeed "the days of the empire" in Arizona—days soon after the great war of the rebellion, when men drank and swore and fought and gambled in the rough life of their exile, but obeyed, and obeyed without question, the officers appointed over them. These were the days when veteran sergeants like Feeny—men who had served under St. George Cooke and Sumner and Harney on the wide frontier before the war, who had ridden with the starry guidons in many a wild, whirling charge under Sheridan and Merritt and Custer in the valley of Virginia—held almost despotic powers among the troopers who spent that enlistment in the isolation of Arizona. Rare were the cases when they abused their privilege. Stern was their rule, rude their speech, but by officers and men alike they were trusted and respected.

As for Feeny, there were not lacking those who declared him spoiled. Twice that day had the paymaster been on the point of rebuking his apparent indifference. Twice had he withheld his censure, knowing, after all, Feeny to be in the right and himself in the wrong. And now in the gathering shades of night, as he stood in silence watching the brisk process of grooming, and noted how thorough and businesslike, even though sharp and stern, was Feeny, the paymaster was wishing he had not ventured to disregard the caution of so skilled a veteran.

And yet the paymaster, having a human heart in his breast, had been sorely tried, for the appeal that came for help was one he could not well resist. Passing Ceralvo's at midnight and pushing relentlessly ahead instead of halting there as the men had hoped, the party was challenged in the Mexican tongue.

"Que viene?"

To which unlooked for and uncalled for demand the leading trooper, scorning greaser interference in American territory, promptly answered:

"Go to h—l!"

All the same he heard the click of lock and was prompt to draw his own Colt, as did likewise the little squad riding ahead of the creaking ambulance. The two leaders of the mules whirled instantly about and became tangled up with the wheel team, and the paymaster was pitched out of a dream into a doubled up mass on the opposite seat. To his startled questions the driver could only make reply that he didn't know what was the matter; the sergeant had gone ahead to see. Presently Feeny shouted "Forward!" and on they went again, and not until Ceralvo's was a mile behind could the major learn the cause of the detention.

"Some of Ceralvo's people," answered Feeny; "d—n their impudence! They thought to stop us and turn us in there by stories of Indian raids just below us—three prospectors murdered 24 miles this side of the Sonora line. Cochise's people never came this far west of the Chiricahua range. It's white cutthroats maybe, and we'll need our whole command."

And yet in the glaring sunshine of that May morning, after they had unsaddled at Moreno's, and the sergeant, wearied with the vigils of two successive nights, had gone to sleep in the coolest shade he could find, there came riding across the sunbaked, cactus dotted plain at the west a young man who had the features of the American and the grave, courteous bearing of the Mexican.

"My name is Harvey," said he. "My sisters, who have been in San Francisco at school, are with me on the way to visit our parents in Tucson. Father was to have met us at the Bend with relays of mules. We have waited 48 hours and can wait no longer. For God's sake let half a dozen of your men ride out and escort them down here. There is no doubt in the world the Apaches are in the mountains on both sides, and I'm trembling for fear they've already found our camp. None of my party dared make the ride, so I had to come."

What was Plummer to do? He didn't want to rouse the sergeant. This wasn't going back to Ceralvo's, but riding northward to the rescue of imperiled beauty. He simply couldn't refuse, especially when Donovan and others were eager to go. From Mr. Harvey he learned that his father had married into an old Spanish Mexican family at Havana, had been induced by them to take charge of certain business in Matamoros, and that long afterward he had removed to Guaymas and thence to Tucson. The children had been educated at San Francisco, and the sisters, now 17 and 15 years of age respectively, were soon to go to Cuba to visit relatives of their mother, but were determined once more to see the quaint old home at Tucson before so doing; hence this journey under his charge. The story seemed straight enough. Plummer had never yet been to Tucson, but at Drum Barracks and Wilmington he had often heard of the Harveys, and Donovan swore he knew them all by sight, especially the old man.

The matter was settled before Plummer really knew whether to take the responsibility or not, and the cavalry corporal with five men rode back into the fiery heat of the Arizona day and was miles away toward the Gila before Feeny woke to a realizing sense of what had happened. Then he came out and blasphemed. There in that wretched little green safe were locked up thousands enough of dollars to tempt all the outlawry of the occident to any deed of desperation that might lead to the capture of the booty, and with Donovan and his party away Feeny saw he had but half a dozen men for defense.

At his interposition the major had at least done one thing—warned Moreno not to sell a drop of his fiery mescal to any one of the men, and when the Mexican expressed entire willingness to acquiesce Feeny's suspicions were redoubled and he picked out Trooper Latham, a New Englander whom some strange and untoward fate had led into the ranks, and stationed him in the bullet scarred barroom of the ranch, with strict orders to allow not a drop to be drawn or served to any one without the sanction of Sergeant Feeny or his superior officer, the major. Even the humiliation of this proceeding had in no wise disturbed Moreno's suavity. "All I possess is at your feet," he had said to the major, with Castilian grace and gravity. "Take or withhold it as you will."

"Infernal old hypocrite!" swore Feeny, between his strong, set teeth. "I believe he'd like nothing better than to get the escort drunk and turn us over bag and baggage to the Morales gang."

Thrice during the hot afternoon had Feeny scouted the premises and striven to find what number and manner of men Moreno might have in concealment there. Questioning was of little use. Moreno was ready to answer to anything and was never known to halt at a lie. Old Miguel, the half breed, who did odd jobs about the well and the corral, expressed profound ignorance both of the situation and Feeny's English. The Mexican boy had but one answer to all queries: "No sa-a-abe."

Other occupants there were, but these even Feeny's sense of duty could not prompt him to disturb. Somewhere in the depths of the domestic portion of the ranch, where the brush on the flat roof was piled most heavily and the walls were jealously thick, all scouting parties or escorts well knew that Moreno's wife and daughter were hidden from prying eyes, and rumor had it that often there were more than two feminine occupants; that these were sometimes joined by three or four others—wives or sweethearts of outlawed men who rode with Pasqual Morales—and all Arizona knew that Pasqual Morales had little more Mexican blood in his veins than had Feeny himself. He was an Americano, a cursed gringo for whom long years ago the sheriffs of California and Nevada had chased in vain, who had sought refuge and a mate in Sonora and whose swarthy features found no difficulty in masquerading under a Mexican name when the language of love had made him familiar with the Mexican tongue.

Slow to action, slow of speech as was the paymaster, he was not slow to see that Sergeant Feeny was anxious and ill at ease, and if a veteran trooper, whom his captain had pronounced the coolest, pluckiest and most reliable man in the regiment, could be so disturbed over the indications, it was high time to take precaution. What was the threatened danger? Apaches? They would never assault the ranch with its guard of soldiers, whatsoever they might do in the canyons in the range beyond. Outlaws? They had not been heard of for months. He had inquired into all this at Yuma, at the stage stations, by mail of the commanding officers at Lowell and Bowie and Grant. Not for six months had a stage been "held up" or a buckboard "jumped" south of the turbid Gila. True, there was rumor of riot and lawlessness among the miners at Castle Dome and the customary shooting scrape at Ehrenberg and La Paz, but these were river towns, far behind him now as he looked back over the desert trail and aloft into the star studded, cloudless sky.

Nothing could be more placid, nothing less prophetic of peril or ambush than this exquisite summer night. Somewhere within the forbidden region of Moreno's harem a guitar was beginning to tinkle softly. That was all very well, but then a woman's voice, anything but soft, took up a strange, monotonous refrain. Line after line, verse after verse, it ran, harsh, changeless. He could not distinguish the words—he did not wish to; the music was bad enough in all conscience, whatsoever it might become when sung by youth or beauty. As it fell from the lips of Senora Moreno the air was a succession of vocal nasal disharmonies, high pitched, strident, nerve racking.

Unable to listen after the third repetition, Plummer slowly retired from the corral and once more appeared at the front, just in time for a sensation. Two troopers, two of the men who had ridden back with Donovan, came lurching into the lighted space before the main entrance. At sight of the paymaster one of them stiffened up and with preternatural gravity of mien executed the salute. The other, with an envelope in his hand, reeled out of the saddle, failed to catch his balance, plunged heavily into the sand and lay there. Corporal Murphy sprang eagerly forward, the first man to reach him, and turned the prostrate trooper over on his back.

"What's the matter?" queried Plummer. "Is he sick?"

"Sick, is it?" was the quick retort, as the corporal sniffed at the tainted breath of the sufferer. "Be the powers, I only wish I had half his disayse."

And then came Feeny, glaring, wrathful.

"Come down off the top of that horse, Mullan," he ordered, fiercely. "How—how'd ye get here? Which way'd ye come? Where's the rest?"

With the ponderous dignity of inebriety, Mullan slowly pointed up the desert under the spot where the pole star glowed in the northern skies.

"Sarsh'nt," he hiccoughed, "we're—we're too late; 'Paches got there—first."

"Hwat! hwat!" thundered Feeny. "D'ye mean there were women—that it wasn't a plant?"

"Fack."

"Hware's your dispatches, you drunken lout? How dare you dhrink when there was fight ahead? Hware's your dispatches? and may heaven blast the souls of you both!"

"Here, sergeant," said Murphy, wrenching the soiled envelope from the loose grasp of the prostrate trooper.

"It's to you, sir," said Feeny, with one glance at the sprawling superscription. "In God's name read and let us know what devil's work's abroad tonight."

Even Plummer's pudgy fingers trembled as he tore open the dingy packet. Old Moreno came forth with a light, his white teeth gleaming, his black eyes flashing from one to another of the group. Holding the penciled page close to the lantern, the paymaster read aloud:

"Camp burned. One man killed; others scattered; mules and buckboard gone. For God's sake help in the pursuit. Strike for Raton Pass. The Indians have run away my poor sisters.

"EDWARD HARVEY."

The major dropped the paper, fairly stunned with dismay. Feeny sprang forward, picked it up, and eagerly scrutinized the page. Mullan, standing unsteadily at the head of his wearied and dejected horse, was looking on with glassy eyes, his lips vainly striving to frame further particulars. Leaving their supper unfinished, the other men of the little squad had come tumbling out into the summer night. No one paid other heed to the trooper sprawling in the sand. Already in deep, drunken slumber, he was breathing stertorously. Feeny's eyes seemed fastened to the letter. Line by line, word by word, again and again he spelled it through. Suddenly he leaped forward and clutched Mullan at the throat, shaking him violently.

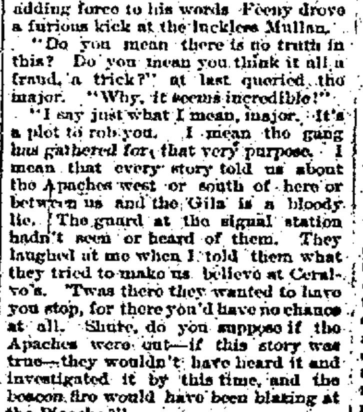
"Answer now. Hware'd you get your liquor? Didn't this fellow give it to you?"

"On my honor—no, sarsh'nt, 'pon my 'on'"——

"Oh, to h—l with your honor and you with it! Hware'd you get it if it wasn't from him? Shure you've not been near Ceralvo's?"

"No, sarsh'nt, no Ceralvo's. We met couple gen'l'men—perfec' gen'l'men, ranchers; they were going after the Indians. They gave us jus' o-one drink—'piece. Jus' five minutes—go."

"How far away was this? Hware were they? Answer or, d—n you, I'll shake the truth out of you!" shouted Feeny, suiting action to word. "Spake before you, too, are lying like that other hog. Did you ever see the camp? Did you ever get to the crossing at all? Douse a dipper of water over him, you Latham, quick. Wake up, I say, Mullan. For the love of God, major, I believe they're both drugged. I believe it's all a d——d lie. I believe its only a skame to get you to send out the rest of your escort, so they can tackle you alone. Kick him, Murphy, kick him; throt him round; don't let him get to sleep. Answer me, you scoundrel!" he fairly yelled, for Mullan's head was drooping on his breast and every lurch promised to land him on his face. Twice his knees doubled up like a footrule and the stout little sergeant had to jerk him to his feet.



Holding the penciled page close to the lantern, the paymaster read aloud.

"Search 'em both. See if they've a flask betune 'em, Latham. Answer me, Mullan, did you see the burned camp? Did you see the dead man? Did— Oh, murther! Now he's gone! There's never a word to be got out of aither of them this night. But don't you believe that letther, major. Don't you trust a word of it; it's false as hell. It's only a plan to rob ye of your escort first and your life and money later. That's it, men; douse them, kick them, murther them both if you like—the curs!—and they'd drink when they knowed every man was needed." And adding force to his words Feeny drove a furious kick at the luckless Mullan.

"Do you mean there is no truth in this? Do you mean you think it all a fraud, a trick?" at last queried the major. "Why, it seems incredible!"

"I say just what I mean, major. It's a plot to rob you. I mean the gang has gathered for that very purpose. I mean that every story told us about the Apaches west or south of here or between us and the Gila is a bloody lie. The guard at the signal station hadn't seen or heard of them. They laughed at me when I told them what they tried to make us believe at Ceralvo's. 'Twas there they wanted to have you stop, for there you'd have no chance at all. Shure, do you suppose if the Apaches were out—if this story was true—they wouldn't have heard it and investigated it by this time, and the beacon fire would have been blazing at the Picacho?"

Then Murphy turned and ran around the corner of the corral to a point where he could see the dim outline of the range against the western sky. The next moment his voice rose upon the night air, vibrant, thrilling:

"Look! God be good to us, major! It's no lie. The signal fire's blazing at the peak."

CHAPTER II.

Late that night, with jaded steeds, a little troop of cavalry was pushing westward across the desert. The young May moon was sinking to rest, its pure pallid light shining faintly in contrast with the ruddy glow of some distant beacon in the mountains beneath. Ever since nightfall the rock buttresses at the pass had been reflecting the lurid glare of the leaping flames as, time and again, unseen but busy hands heaped on fresh fuel and sent the sparks whirling in fiery eddies to the sky. Languid and depressed after a long day's battling with the fierce white sunshine, horses and men would gladly have spent the early hours of night dozing at their rude bivouac in the Christobal. Ever since 9 in the morning, after a long night march, they had sought such shade as the burning rocks might afford, scooping up the tepid water from the natural tanks at the bottom of the canyon and thanking providence it was not alkali.

The lieutenant commanding, a tall, wiry, keenfaced young fellow, had made the rounds of his camp at sunset, carefully picking up and scrutinizing the feet of his horses and sending the farrier to tack on here and there a starting shoe. Gaunt and sunburned were his short coupled California chargers, as were their toughlooking riders; fetlocks and beards were uniformly ragged; shoes of leather and shoes of iron showed equal wear. A bronze faced sergeant, silently following his young chief, watched him with inquiring eyes and waited for the decision that was to condemn the command to another night march across the desert, or remand them to rest until an hour or so before the dawn.

"How far did you say it was to Ceralvo's, sergeant?"

"About 22 miles, west."

"And to Moreno's?"

"About 15, sir; off here." And the sergeant pointed out across the plain, lying like a duncolored blanket far toward the southern horizon.

"We can get barley and water at both?"

"Plenty, sir."

"The men would rather wait here, I suppose, until 2 or 3 o'clock?"

"Very much, sir; they haven't been able to rest at all today. I've fed out the last of the barley, though."

The lieutenant reflected a moment, pensively studying the legs of the trumpeter's horse.

"Is there any chance of Moreno's people not having heard about the Apaches in the Christobal?"

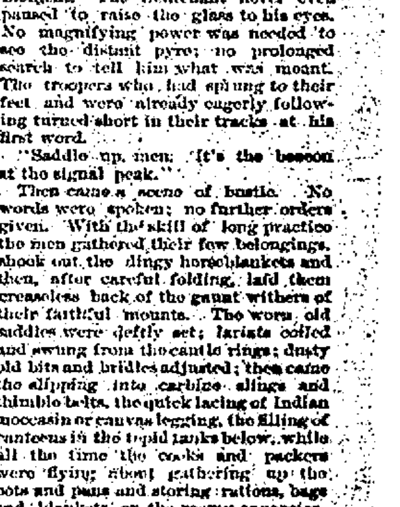
"Hardly, sir; they are nearer the Tucson road than we are. The stage must have gone through this morning early. It's nothing new anyhow. I've never known the time when the Indians were not in the neighborhood of that range. Moreno, too, is an old hand, sir."

The lieutenant looked long and intently out over the dreary flats beyond the foot hills. Like the bottom of some prehistoric lake long since sucked dry by the action of the sun, the parched earth stretched away in mile after mile of monotonous, life ridden desert, a Sahara without sign of an oasis, a sandy barren shunned even by scorpion and centipede. Already the glow was dying from the western sky. The red rim of the distant range was purpling. The golden gleam that flashed from rock to rock as the sun went down had vanished from all but the loftiest summits, and deep, dark shadows were creeping slowly out across the plain. Over the great expanse not so much as the faintest spark could be seen. Aloft, the greater stars were beginning to peep through the veil of pallid blue, while over the distant pass the sun's fair handmaiden and trainbearer, with slow, stately mien, was sinking in the wake of her lord, as though following him to his rest. Not a breath of air was astir.

The night came on still as the realms of solitude. Only the low chatter of the men, the occasional stamp of iron shod hoof or the munching jaws of the tired steeds broke in upon the perfect silence. From their covert in the westward slope of the Christobal the two sentries of the little command looked upon a lifeless world. Beneath them, whiffing their pipes after their frugal supper, the troopers were chatting in low tones, some of them already spreading their blankets among the shelving rocks. The embers from the cook's fire glowed a deeper red as the darkness gathered in the pass, and every man seemed to start as though stung with sudden spur when sharp, quick and imperative there came the cry from the lips of the farther sentry:

"Fire, sir—out to the west!"

In an instant Lieutenant Drummond had leaped down the rocky canyon, and fieldglass in hand was standing by the sentry's side. No need to question "Where away?"



In an instant Lieutenant Drummond was standing by the sentry's side.

Far out across the intervening plain a column of flame was darting upward, gaining force and volume with every moment. The lieutenant never even paused to raise the glass to his eyes. No magnifying power was needed to see the distant pyre; no prolonged search to tell him what was meant. The troopers who had sprung to their feet and were already eagerly following turned short in their tracks at his first word.

"Saddle up, men. It's the beacon at the signal peak."

Then came a scene of bustle. No words were spoken; no further orders given. With the skill of long practice the men gathered their few belongings, shook out the dingy horseblankets and then, after careful folding, laid them creaseless back of the gaunt withers of their faithful mounts. The worn old saddles were deftly set; lariats coiled and swung from the cantle rings; dusty old bits and bridles adjusted; then came the slipping into carbine slings and thimble belts, the quick lacing of Indian moccasin or canvas legging, the filling of canteens in the tepid tanks below, while all the time the cooks and packers were flying about gathering up the pots and pans and storing rations, bags and blankets on the roomy aparejos. Drummond was in the act of swinging into saddle when his sergeant hastened up.

"Beg pardon, lieutenant, but shall I leave a small guard with the pack train, or can they come right along?"

"They'll go with us, of course. We can't leave them here. We must head for Ceralvo's at once. How could those Indians have got over that way?"

"It is beyond me to say, sir. I didn't know they ever went west of the Santa Maria."

"I can hardly believe it now, but there's no doubting that signal; it is to call us thither at all speed wherever we may be and means only one thing—'Apaches here.' Sergeant Wing is not the man to get stampeded. Can they have jumped the stage, do you think, or attacked some of Ceralvo's people?"

(To be Continued.)

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 26, 1894.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If you want the address of your paper changed give the old address as well as the new one.

If you want your paper stopped, pay arrears, otherwise you will continue liable if the paper is sent to you whether you take it from the office or not.

If you do not get the paper regularly let us know. We mail every man's paper every week, and the trouble is with the mails when not received.

☞ Remember that for $1.50 we send the MINER and Philadelphia Weekly Press one year.

New Advertisements This Week.

Bloodsworth & Co.
W. J. Adams & Co.
Barnes, Hengerer & Co.
H. W. Marcus.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Attend the hose boys' dance.

—Republican caucus to-morrow night.

—Ladies, come and see our neat and attractive visiting cards.

—Come to the MINER office for neat and attractive job printing.

—The Buffalo train from Emporium leaves at 8:29, instead of 8:35.

—An acid factory is being talked of at Sweden Valley, Potter county.

—Whist is all the go. Three whist parties in town Wednesday night.

—B. F. Wright is papering his office, hall and other rooms in his popular hotel. That's right.

—The annual association of McKean county teachers will be held at Bradford, Feb. 22, 23 and 24.

—Remember the Smethport Hose Co's, dance next week. Everybody attend and give the boys a lift.

—All right Caskey, we have drank from the same canteen many a time, you are a capable judge.

—Don't forget the fire laddies' fair and dance at the opera house, next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights.

—Judge Morrison will hold court in Erie the third Monday in March, instead of February as previously announced.

—Thursday morning it was thirty-four degrees colder than it was Wednesday noon. Quite a change in so short a time.

—Our young typo, Ross Knapp, is studying the railroad time tables. Wonder if he contemplates taking a journey soon.

—Hon. W. M. Lindsey, chairman, appointed a meeting of the committee of this 27th Congressional district, to be held at Kane this morning.

—Under the prevailing style, not only can a woman laugh in her sleeve but she can the whole family, and there is even room for the neighbors.

—Advertise in the MINER. Messrs. Burlingame & Colegrove say it pays. Their new and attractive advertisement last week brought quick returns.

—C. E. Barrett, our hustling miller will have something to say about the staff of life soon, that will be of interest to all. Watch for his advertisement.

—There was an execution issued by one of McKean's justices against the county last week. The amount of the judgment, which was $2.00, was promptly paid.

—Editor Herrick, of the Cuba *Mail* was taking in the sights of Olean, last week. The *Mail* is a welcome weekly visitor and a bright newsy sheet. Mr Herrick is a success as a newspaper man.

—A warrant is now in the hands of the Sheriff for the arrest of Daniel Greeley for attempted assault on his own daughter, but he cannot be found. The Commissioners should offer a reward for his apprehension.

—The MINER visits nearly every home in the county once a week. It will pay you to place your advertisement in the MINER. Let the people know you are a live business man and they will hunt you up every time.

—Cards are out announcing the wedding of Miss Nettie Boylngton and Mr. William Pfeifer at Roulette, the last of the month. Miss Boylngton has a large circle of friends in this section who join with us in hearty congratulations.

—Nominations for borough and township officers should be made early. Under the new law it takes some time to get the tickets ready, and everything in shape for an election. Make early nominations and select none but good men.—*Ex.*

—There was quite a pleasant gathering at the opera house Tuesday night. A good violin and horn was the only thing lacking to have made it one of the most enjoyable affairs. The boys intend to have two more such little gatherings before lent.

—Two MINER typos while strolling through East Smethport on Monday evening saw a real live "baky!" and at once started in pursuit of it. After a long and exciting chase they gave it up, but with much sorrow as it was a very fine specimen.

—Our energetic insurance man, C. A. Burdick, was up at Mt. Jewett a couple of days this week, bothering the life out of his many friends up there to keep them from suffering by fire or accident. He represents good companies and knows how to talk insurance.

—The McKean County Association, G. A. R., will hold their annual business meeting at G. A. R. Hall, Bradford, on Tuesday, February 6th, at two o'clock p. m., for the election of officers, &c. The delegates from McKean Post, No. 347, are B. F. Wright and H. L. Burlingame.

—There seems to be a great interest taken in public affairs in this section by the number of men who are seeking office. The people ought to succeed in getting good men to fill the positions, having so many able men to select from. We hope the best men may be selected.

—Samuel Fry killed a large wild cat this week and that made George Brownell anxious, and Tuesday he started out with blood in his eye. All he got was a good appetite for dinner. He hopes to do better next time and get appetite enough for supper also. Success to the mighty nimrod.

—Lee McEvoy, aged 20 years, was burned to death at an oil well near Duke Centre, Sunday night. He was a pumper at the well and it is supposed he lay down in the boiler house to sleep. In some way the building caught fire, and the young man was burned to a crisp. There is a strong suspicion of foul play.

—A Pennsylvania railroad conductor passed nine persons on one ticket the other day. They were a mother and eight children. The detachment consisted of four sets of twins, the eldest pair being just a few days under six years of age. The conductor kicked on what seemed to him to be wholesale business but the mother had the bulge on him, and they all passed.—Good Roads.

—"A young and innocent appearing" man is touring neighboring counties representing himself to be authorized by the Epworth league to collect funds for that organization. He is a fraud and the public is warned to have nothing to do with him.—*Ex.* Give him the hot end of a poker.

—J. C. and A. D. Doyle, in attempting to pass a team on the road near the cemetery on Wednesday, were thrown over the embankment, both men sustaining injuries by having their faces cut. The buggy was smashed and the horses rolled to the foot of the hill. A very narrow escape for the gentlemen.

—Our old friend Louis Crawford, of Roulette formerly of Smethport, has the proper spirit of philanthropy. Last week he sent two fine quarters of beef, one to Buffalo and one to Syracuse, to help the starving people of those cities. Brother Crawford is laying up treasures where they will not rust.

—The new Potter *Democrat* will appear on the newspaper horizon this week with its initial copy. That young Napoleon in politics, L. B. Seibert at the head, and Mr. Smith as manager. They will make a strong team in journalistic affairs. Gentleman, the MINER wishes you success, and hopes you will have more money than printers usually possess.

—Some of the young ladies of Coudersport, who could not get permission to attend the Red Men's masquerade ball, got up an impromptu party last Monday and invited their male friends to participate, and a pleasant time they had. Young ladies of Smethport, here is an example for you. Get up a party and play it is leap year.

—The members of the St. Andrew's club have arranged for their first public and Social meeting on next Monday, 29th instant, at 8 p. m., at St. Luke's chapel on Fulton street. There will be an historical paper read by Mr. J. R. Walkinshaw, and a program of choice music. The members extend a cordial invitation to all for next Monday evening.

—Tony and Enoch Ross, of Hazelhurst, both Dagos, were arrested by Deputy Sheriff Davis on Monday of this week, for violating the excise law. They are now star boarders with Landlord Walker Tony resisted arrest, was determined not to go with the Sheriff, but when the ornaments were presented he weakened at once and came quietly to the bastile.

—The Buffalo *Express* is one of our brightest and newsiest exchanges, giving the latest and most important news every day, and is a welcome visitor daily at our office. The *Express* offers as a premium a fine pocket map of any State in the Union to anyone subscribing for the paper. Daily, one year, $6; Illustrated *Express*, one year, $2; Weekly, one year, $1.

—It looks very much as though B. O Bartle has been left in the cold by the Pension Department, as no attention whatever, has been paid to his repeated requests, as to what evidence was required to re-established his right to remain upon the pension rolls. In other words he has been declared "guilty," without being given the opportunity to establish his innocence.—Reporter.

—C J. Palvado, a tramp printer, was arrested last week for stealing D. A. Ropp's gold watch from the *Era's* composing room. Upon being questioned in regard to the matter he acknowledged the theft. The watch was returned upon a promise of liberty. The *Era* says he is a bad man to have round a printing office, and requests other papers to give the matter publication, as a means of protection.

—An exchange remarks: "So you want to know what the grip is, do you? It is a combination of bad colds several of them at once, continued headache, sickness at stomach, blind staggers, chicken-pox, hives, spring halt, seven-year itch, disordered liver, kidney trouble each bone in one's body trying to ache more than the others, and about forty other indescribable diseases. All of these, never less, sometimes more, at one and the same time."

—Anyone suffering with the grip should be carefully watched and taken care of. There is a certain despondent feeling accompanying the grip that is very disheartening and a discouraging feeling will take possession of the patient that very often leads to suicide. For that reason no patient suffering with that disease should be allowed to remain alone. Daily papers are full of suicides, caused by the grip. Watch the sick ones.

—Sweden Valley is at last in the "swim." We always felt that something would happen up there yet. The people of that section are now excited over the fact that a valuable paint mine has been discovered on the Wells farm, and rich silver ore has cropped out not a thousand miles away. A stock company has already been organized to "work" the paint racket, while the silver part of the discovery has not yet fully developed Sweden Valley forever.—*Potter Enterprise.*

—Daniel Greeley, of Crosby, in absence of his wife, debauched, or attempted to assault his sixteen-year-old daughter. She ran to a neighbors in her night dress and was given some more wearing apparel, and she went on to Wm. Marsh's. Greeley followed with the intention of bringing her back. He found the neighbor's house locked, he kicked in the door Officers were after him but allowed him to stay, almost in sight of his home, all Saturday night. Report says that this is not the first attempt of this kind, that Greeley has made.

—There is an indebtedness hanging over the soldiers monument at Smethport which should be wiped out without delay. We know not whether Port Allegany has contributed her proportion in the past, but we do know that the debt should be paid. We understand that there is a movement on foot here to get up an entertainment on Washington's birthday, the proceeds to be donated to the monument fund. The object is a noble one and should be patronized by everyone.—Reporter. Why not get up an entertainment here for the same laudable purpose?

—A man out in Nebraska was sentenced to life imprisonment for stealing a cent. He held up a country editor on the highway, and made him divest himself of his convenient cash. It amounted in round numbers to one cent. The judge in sentencing the man, said: "It seems hard to give a man a life sentence for stealing a single cent, but the law allows me no discretion in a case of highway robbery. Besides, anybody who is idiotic enough to expect a country editor to have money ought to be permanently shut up somewhere."—Punxsutawney Spirit. We are sorry for the man who went to prison for life. The editor ought to be sentenced for life, too. A newspaper man who will recklessly put all his wealth into his pocket and give highwaymen such opportunities as that to rob him had ought to go to prison for life.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred McCoy entertained a number of their friends last Wednesday evening at their home on Green street. The company was formed into a Progressive Whist party of four tables, who struggled for the championship for more than three hours. Miss Alberta Choate won the first prize, and the "booby" was awarded to E. L. Keenan, Esq., though Miss Mate Sartwell was entitled to share the honor. The booby prize was so artistically designed by Mrs. M. that it was more desirable than the first. The evening was a most pleasant one and the guest was entertained in a most highly appreciative manner. A splendid collation was served during the evening.

—Why don't some of our moneied men start a heading factory in this town? There seems to be sufficient hard-wood in this section to supply one for a long period. Such an industry would give employment to a large number of hands here, besides benefiting the surrounding country. There is one at Coudersport that is doing a good paying business, and every farmer in that section is deriving some benefit from it. Our railroad facilities are good, we have the hard-wood and the men of wealth to put it through, the articles manufactured find a ready market. We hope to see our business men take an interest in this matter and, if they find it advisable to do so, push the thing through, and thus give employment to our many idle men.

DOING AND COMING.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

Dr. Burg Chadwick visited Bradford on Saturday.

Sheriff Walker is on a business trip to Indiana county.

Mr. Davis, of the Buffalo *News* staff, was in town on Monday.

S. R. Lindsley, of the *Democrat* was to Bradford on Saturday.

Mr. Middlegrove, of Sawyer City, was a pleasant caller on Tuesday.

Attorney W. P. Weston, of Kane, spent Tuesday night at the hub.

Dr. Brown, who was in Buffalo for a week, returned Wednesday night.

A. P. Pope, mine host of the Central, had business in Bradford on Tuesday.

W. E. Austin, of Buffalo, has accepted a position as drug clerk in the store of F. R. Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Mesler, who were married at Olean last week, spent Sunday with relatives in town.

F. W. Brayton, of Kane, was in town Tuesday night. Mr. B. is a very interesting talker and well versed in national matters.

Mr. Bellinger, of the firm of Bellinger, Stevens & Co., arrived from Lockport Monday, to look after his business interests in this town.

A. W. Colegrove, Esq., was in town Monday, exchanging hunting stories with A. P. Pope. Wonderful yarns they can spin when they meet.

Judge Morrison boarded the morning train for the west this morning. The Judge does not stay at home long enough for us to get acquainted with him.

Dist. Attorney Gorton, of Smethport, was in town Wednesday. His first appearance here as an official of the county made a good impression.—Reporter.

Judge J. S. Barlow, of Bradford, was at the hub on Wednesday, clasping digits with his many friends. Mr. Barlow undoubtedly enjoys the blessings of life.

Will Cole, of Coudersport, visited relatives in town the first of the week. He was accompanied by his sister, Miss Blanche who will remain here for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. George Otto, formerly of Farmers Valley, now of Crosby, were pleasant callers at the MINER office on Monday. All right Mr. Otto we will come and have a fish with you next summer.

N. N. Metcalf, of Austin, Messrs. Goodyears' capable superintendent, is a new subscriber to the MINER. Mr. Metcalf makes frequent trips to this county to oversee Messrs Goodyears' large landed property.

Frank Taylor returned Tuesday night, from blue grass regions of Kentucky, Frank says it is a great country. He intends moving there in the Spring, so we had better commence calling him Colonel Frank Taylor now.

One of Sweden Valley's "big four," Michael Dunn, was shaking hands with his many friends in Smethport the early part of the week. Mr. Dunn looks the picture of health and his lines have evidently fallen in pleasant places.

Mrs. Keenan returned Tuesday night, from Canada, where she has been spending the last few weeks in the Queen's Dominions. We judge Mr. Keenan was overjoyed to see his better half return, as he donned an elegant tile and his features were wreathed in smiles as he returned from the depot with his pleasant companion.

A Grand Affair.

Once more the people of this borough will be guests of our firemen, who are to favor us with a fair and dance on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, at the opera house. We all know that a good time is sure to come whenever Smethport Hose No. 1, undertake anything of this character.

It is now some years since our fire lads have given one of their old time entertainments, and those of our readers that have helped them to enjoy themselves in the past know just what to expect. A glance at the names on the several committees will assure our people that everthing will be done for the comfort and convenience of the guests that can be done in the short time in which they have to do the work. So come and help our energetic fire laddies, and enjoy yourselves to your heart's content. The following are the different committees:

Booths and fancy work, Mrs. T. H. Purtle, Mrs. Sheridan Gorton, Mrs. Carrie Reilly, Miss Lena Wright.

Reception, Ralph Burdick, Geo. R. Brownell, Dr. Burg Chadwick, E. M. Kerns.

Decorating hall, A. H. Pierce, Henry Balver, Samuel Fry.

Table and supplies, T. F. Richmond, F. W. Brownell, John Rooney.

Committee of arrangements, M. L. Armstrong, S. King, Sheridan Gorton.

John Hendrickson, of Colegrove, offers for sale a span of black mares, about 8 years old, weighing between twenty-three and twenty-four hundred pounds. Both jet black, good work team and fair roadsters. Both mares with foal. Will sell outright or trade for a yoke of oxen. 4-3t

WANTED.—An energetic man to handle our goods on commission in Smethport and vicinity. Liberal terms to the right party. If you mean business address Grand Union Tea Co., 103 Union street, Olean, N. Y.

A hot sling of Carter's Extract Smartweed will take the grip. F. R. Foster.

ONLY THREE ROUNDS!

ANOTHER FREE-TRADER KNOCKED OUT.

Johnny Bull Turns up His Toes in the Third Round—Mitchell Was not in It.

The long looked for prize fight has come off at last and Corbett is the winner of a fine pot of money, besides vindicating his assertion that he could whip any man in the world.

In the first round honors were about even, but in the second Corbett showed his superiority, knocking his opponent down three times. In the third and last round Mitchell went down and out from a terrific blow on the nose.

ALMOST DOUBLE MURDER.

A Disgraceful Shooting Affair in Sweden.

A most disgraceful and unfortunate family row occurred in Sweden township, eight miles from Coudersport last Sunday night, by which two men nearly lost their lives. The facts of case are substantially as follows: L. C. Root, who is a step-son of O. E. Harris, lives on the Herrington farm, near Cormans', with his wife. Harris has been living with Root for some time past, but having some trouble left, and went to live with his son, John Harris, who owns a farm about a mile from Root's. About 11 o'clock last Sunday night O. E. Harris and his son John, for some reason, armed themselves with an ax and went to the house of Root. There they chopped down the door, threw the ax at Root and otherwise attempted to injure him. Root armed himself with a double barreled shot gun and a revolver and soon as things became too warm for him, fired. The contents of the shot gun took effect in the abdomen and arm of John, and one shot from the revolver hit the old man also in the abdomen. This stopped proceedings at once. Monday morning Root gave himself up to the officers, and the wounds of Harris and his son were examined by physicians who pronounced them not of a fatal nature. Root is now in jail waiting the result of his shooting. Whether Root was justified in shooting, will probably be developed at the hearing.—*Enterprise.*

Junior League Entertainment.

Quite an interesting program has been prepared under the able direction of Miss Ada Burch, by the members of the Junior League of the Methodist Church, and will be rendered next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend the exercises. The program follows:

Devotional Exercises
Instrumental Music........Miss Bessie Wright
Old Testament Characters........Rev. Wright
Cornet solo
Address........................Mr. Crandall
Music
Chatechetical Drill
Music

LITERARY NOTES.

Two well-known artists, Geo du Maurier and Howard Pyle will contribute to the fiction of the February HARPER'S and a third, Frederic Remington, will describe with effective illustrations his experience "In the Sierra Madre with the Punchers."

THE NEW YEAR'S NOVELTIES FOR LADIES

With the beginning of the year appear novelties of Russian effects and modern adoptions of the first Empire; the latter being undoubtedly suggested by a recent revival of the Napoleonic studies, which makes its influence felt into literature, on the stage and even infant. Thus elegant opera wraps are frequently made with Empire yokes and voluminous Renaissance sleeves. The draperies already [illegible] many original effects, indoor gowns being influenced by those of the peplum description. The dress skirt is becoming wider at the bottom, and the sleeve also more voluminous. Bodices at the present moment, are taxing all the inventive genius of the artist dressmaker by being susceptible of every conceivable novelty in trimming and material. There has never, also, existed such a rage as the present one for fur and [illegible] above all. Some original designs of collarettes in real Louis XIII style—drooping at the shoulders and very flat—are becoming popular among the new modes. These various movements indicated in the toilettes of the mothers are closely copied by the fashions in girls dresses and even in the costumes of very little ones themselves. In extracting these instructive items from the latest McDowell Fashion Journals we notice, that the handsome publications still maintain the high standard of their former excellence and contain besides new features of special interest. They are invaluable for their practical advice to Dressmakers and Amateurs. "La Mode de Paris" and "Paris Album of Fashion" cost only $3.50 each for a yearly subscription, or 35 cts. a copy. "The French Dressmaker" is $3.00 per annum or 30 cts a copy. As for "La Mode," it only comes to $1.50 a year or 15 cts. a copy, which makes it the most economical family fashion journal in existence. If you are unable to procure any of these publications at your newsdealer do not take any substitute from him, but apply by mail to Messrs. A. McDOWELL & Co., 4 West 14th street, New York.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Thos Eggers, 139 Florida street, San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at F. R. Foster and A. B. Armstrong, drug stores. Regular size 50 c. and $1.00.

I HAVE been a great sufferer from catarrh for over ten years; had it very bad, could hardly breathe. Some nights I could not sleep and had to walk the floor. I purchased Ely's Cream Balm and am using it freely, it is working a cure surely. I have advised several friends to use it, and with happy results in every case. It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and it is worth its weight in gold I thank God I have found a remedy I can use with safety and that does all that is claimed for it. It is curing my deafness. —B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

The persistent cough which usually follows an attack of the grip can be permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. W. A. McGuire, of McKay, Ohio, says: "La grippe left me with a severe cough. After using several different medicines, without relief, I tried Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which effected a permanent cure. I have also found it to be without an equal for children, when troubled with colds or croup. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. B. Armstrong.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone stifles, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport Pa.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The Spring term opens May 1st., in vocal and instrumental Music. For catalogues address Henry B. Moyer, Freeburg, Pa.—4-3w.

Carter's cough and consumption cure is the best cough medicine. F. R. Foster.

Do you wish to enjoy good health, if so, use Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which cleanse the bowels and purify the blood.

THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities Picked up by Our Regular Correspondents.

PORT ALLEGANY.

We note with pleasure the work being done by the MINER in the matter of the monument indebtedness. May every nickle swell into dimes and dimes into dollars until the last cent is paid. We understand that an entertainment will be given in the opera house here on the evening of Feb. 22, and the proceeds donated to the monument fund.

S. C. Sartwell was the lucky winner of the $25 suit to be built by Smethport's popular tailor, Klappenbach. The porter at the Sartwell house, Andy Carlson won the parlor suit raffled by Chas. Anderson. Steve says everthing goes about his popular Hostelry.

The one armed veteran John Dehn, of Wrights, had business in town last week. Mr. Dehn was the seventh man to carry the colors of the 1st Minn. Vols., in their famous charge at Gettysburg and wears an empty sleeve as a reminder of that awful day.

The dance given at the opera house last Friday evening by the Excelsior Club, was a most enjoyable affair and was largely attended. The young men comprising the club are among our best citizens and their little parties are the delight of all.

The Penn Tanning Co., of this place have allowed quite a number of the old and valued employees of the tannery to drop into idleness and are filling their places with a gang of dirty Italian laborers.

C. A. Dolley has just finished one of the most convenient dwellings to be found in our thriving village and it was built solely to keep some of our carpenters out of mischief.

Frank Kilday and Stevie Sartwell drove to the county seat last Saturday and brought from Pickard's stock farm, Earl Monarch Jr. which was won in a raffle by Pat Kilday.

Rev. J. W. Arney started last week for Altoona where he visited his brother. In consequence there was no service at the Presbyterian church last Sunday.

C. R. Baird had business in Buffalo last week in connection with the extensive mercantile and lumbering interests of E. B. Dolley & Co.

Agent George Weber is suffering an affection of the throat, which necessitates a weekly trip to Buffalo for treatment.

B. H. Rice the efficient manager for E. P. Dalrymple & Co. went to Buffalo last week on business for the firm.

M. J. Hadley has been confined to his home for several months with rheumatism.

It is rumored that a post of the Sons of Veterans will be organized here shortly.

Misses Mattie Backus and Belle Abbey, of Smethport, were in town last week.

Editor C. O. Laymon made a business trip to Olean Saturday last.

La Grippe has about the usual number of victims in town at present.

W. E. Smith spent Sunday with friends in Gardeau and Sizerville.

B. G. Bartle visited relatives in Buffalo this week.

All cake is dough. All snow is mud.

COLEGROVE.

The inside of the Union church looks very pretty in its new dress of paper and paint. Dime socials are now being given to purchase new carpet for the rostrum. All donations will be gratefully accepted.

The proceeds of the social at the Norwich school house last week amounted to nearly $6.00. With this money a carpet will be purchased for the platform in that school house.

Mr. Byron Carter, of Michigan, attended the funeral of his father Russell Carter, and visited relatives here.

Mrs. Wm Rumsey, of Auburn, N. Y., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Floretta Gallup this week.

Messrs. C. W. Burdick, G. McAllister and M. L. Bartlett were down to Smethport on Monday.

Mr. A. L. Olmstead is making many improvements around his residence.

The dime social this week will be held at the residence of J. Berryman.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum, and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at F. R. Foster's and A. B. Armstrong's Drug Store.

To the Unemployed.

It will pay you to collect names and addresses of people in your own vicinity for us. We will pay 10 cents per name in cash. Ladies and gentlemen, young and old, everywhere can make a steady income by doing our work. Anyone who can write can succeed. We are in earnest and are making money for our collectors. Send 30 cents to-day for particulars contracts, blanks, instructions and supplies worth 75 cents to anyone. State where you saw this notice. Address

JUNIATA SPECIALTY & ADDRESS CO.
Box 136. Mapleton Depot, Pa.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

"During the epidemic of la grippe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy took the lead here and was much better liked than other cough medicine." H. M. Bangs, druggist, Chatsworth, Ill. The grip is much the same as a very severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. This remedy is prompt and effectual and will prevent any tendency of the disease toward pneumonia. For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

A hot sling of Carter's Extract of Smartweed will cut the mucus and phlegm out of the throat and lungs in a few hours making it a sure cure and quick cure and preventive for croup, diphtheria, sore throat, pneumonia, etc., as the troubles come from a neglected cold. F. R. Foster.

For pains in the chest there is nothing better than a flannel cloth saturated with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on over the seat of pain. For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

Every mother should keep a bottle of Carter's Extract of Smartweed in the house. When the little one comes home with wet feet and chilled a hot sling of Carter's Extract Smart Weed will prevent taking cold. Children like it; it is as pleasant as lemonade. F. R. Foster.

It's all the same, a slight cold, congested lungs or severe cough. One minute cough cure banishes them. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Carter's cough and consumption cure relieves at once. Try it; never fails F. R. Foster.

J. G. Williams receives weekly a fresh Line of Weppner's Straw-Berry brand of Hams. Try them.

Carter's cough and consumption cure will cure coughs and croup, acts quick, tastes good. F. R. Foster.

W. F. SPECHT issues all kinds of Insurance policies, call on him when in want of any insurance.

Camphor cream catarrh cure is the best, soothing and healing. F. R. Foster.

Rooms and Board at Mrs. P. M. Fuller's, Green street, Smethport, Pa.

Camphor cream catarrh cure will cure catarrh. F. R. Foster.

BARNUM!

Gave more for the money than any showman on earth, and we propose to give the trade more for their money than any store in Smethport or any adjoining town. WHY? Because we pay no rent. We do our own work and sell for

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Our Motto will be
HONEST QUALITY! HONEST
WEIGHT! HONEST COUNT!
HONEST MEASURE!
We shall strive to make friends—can't make a cent out of enemies.

THE TIME IS

COMING!

When everybody will pay cash for what they buy. Hard Times and Low Wages necessitates the getting of the most for the least money, and to do this you must pay cash. When in Smethport call at our store and we will convince you of the truth of this statement. We intend to lead in low prices and let others follow.

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Goods well bought are half sold. Our Mr. Burlingame, having been for a number of years a traveling salesman and daily associated with salesmen in all lines of merchandise, is familiar with all the "tricks of the trade," and knows

HOW TO BUY!
WHERE TO BUY!
WHAT TO BUY!

JANUARY, 1894.

WE HAVE COME TO STAY!

AND YOU WILL FIND US

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

DRY GOODS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES.

We are glad to announce that we have secured the agency for the Celebrated DIANA FLOUR, which we offer at $1.35 per Sack—nothing finer made. For a moderate-priced Flour we have the BONNIE DOON at 95 cents per sack. Granulated Sugar 5 cents per pound, and everything else in proportion. Watch out for our SPRING DRESS GOODS, our own importation. Come on everybody; you will find us 313 days in the year next door to Henry Hamlin's Bank.

Burlingame & Colegrove,

Smethport, - Penn'a.

TOWER SHOE STORE
OLEAN, N.Y.

Pay Less For Your Shoes.

If you pay less than we charge you, you get less quality in the shoe. Nobody can sell as good shoes for less money than we do. We know that usualy they do not sell as good, for they are not satisfied with so small a profit. We are having another great sale on narrow width shoes, if you can wear an A, B or C width.

$5.00 shoes	$3.50.
$4.00 "	$3.00.
$3.00 "	$2.00.

Write for particulars,
BLOODSWORTH & CO.,
144 Union St.,

(Mention this paper when ordering goods.)

THE DRY GOODS EXCHANGE

And New Savings Bank at 123 Union Street is paying larger dividends to its customers than any house of its kind this side of New York City. You do not have to wait six months to one year for your profits on your investment. The more goods you buy at H. W. Marcus's the larger are your profits. A saving every purchaser from 10 to 25 per cent. on all goods bought this month.

SPECIAL OFFERING ON GOODS

To be exchanged for cash this week.

50 dozen wool hose for ladies, 15 cents a pair.
25 " " " " " 20 cents a pair.
25 " ladies ribbed vests and pants, extra good, 20 cents each.
10 pieces of toweling at 3 cents a yard.
10 " " best ginghams at 6 cents a yard.
25 " " " prints at 5 cents.
500 papers of pins at one cent a paper.
$500 worth of Cloaks at $3, $4, $5, $6, $7.50, $8.50, $9 and $10.
$300 worth of Fur Capes at a great reduction at

H·W·MARCUS

Always Ask for Goods Advertised.
No. 123 Union Street, Olean, N. Y.
Leader of Low Prices and Reliable Goods.
☞ Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.

WHERE TO BUY!

STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.

Are selling the balance of their winter wraps at and below cost. We have a few

LADIES' WINTER
COATS LEFT,

That we are offering at a big sacrifice. They must be sold before taking inventory.

Call and see the wonderful bargains.

STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.,

Opposite Court House. General Merchants.

LOVERS
OF
GOOD ORANGES

Will find the best at

D. C. YOUNG'S

From

Felt's "Pet Grove,"

EMPORIA, FLA.

DR. HOXSIE'S
CERTAIN
CROUP CURE
NO OPIUM.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS.
—IS—
Guaranteed to
CURE or Money Refunded.